

A New Carrell for Christmasse made and sung at Londone.

1.

Ou jollie projectors, why hang you the head?
Promoters, informers, what are you all dead?
Or will you beyond-sea to frolick and play,
With Sir Giles Mompoyson who led you the way?
If Empson and Dudley have left you their lot
A twist's readie spun; *gra-mercie good Scot.*

2.

O how high were they flown in their flourishing hope
With their patents for pinnes, tobacco and sope
False dyce and false cardes, besides the great wyne
They yearly receiv'd by enhaunting of wyne.
The tide is now turn'd let us drink th' other pot
And merrily sing; *gra-mercie good Scot.*

3.

Shall one man alone attreading engesse,
To build up his fortunes with other mens losse?
And that he may jet in dancing and whooring,
The fillie poore subject evermore goring
The titles and honours these gallents have got
May fall in the fire; *gra-mercie good Scot.*

4.

To play at bo-pip our Catholickes strive
Who of late with the devil a bargon did drive
The peace of the kingdome for ever to marre
To change our past plenty to famine and warre
But now it is hoped they'll pay the whole shot,
When the reckning is made; *gra-mercie good Scot.*

5.

What? is there no help at such a dead lift?
To break up the Parliament, is there no shift?
Nor dare they repose any faith in their Creed,
Since their *Ave Marias* do faill them at need?

The house is acquainted with every fine plot
Their mines are blown up; *gra-mercie good Scot.*

6.

Where are our proud Prelats that stridled so wide
As if they had meant the Moon to bestride,
To trad on the Nobles, to trample them down
To set up their Miter above the Kings crown
That e're they were Clerks or Priests have forgot
Which now they'll be taught; *gra-mercie good Scot.*

7.

With Scripturees divine they play fast and loose
And turne holy write to fat Capon and Goose,
Their gut is their god, Religion their mock
To pampher their flesh they famish their flock;
To preach and to pray they have quite forgot,
Which now they'll be taught; *gra-mercie good Scot.*

8.

Although this fair Island abound with foule crimes
The Parliament saith we shall see better times
Then let us not faint as men without hope
An halter for *Traitours* an hemp for the Pope.
Let *Spaine* and the *strumpet of Babylon* plot
Yet we shall be safe; *gra-mercie good Scot.*

9.

The miser shall give away all to the poore
The City shall coosen the Countrey no more
Oppression shall down, and Justice shall smile;
Force, ryot and Poperie be banisht this Isle,
Religion shall flourish without any spot
If this come to passe; *gra-mercie good Scot.*

F I N I S.

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